

The People's Press.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, the Markets and General Information.

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NO. 48.

MARRYING A CLOD.

Godfrey Prime was a very rich and successful merchant.

He had no wife, and but one child—a daughter—whom he adored, and upon whom it was his delight to lavish everything she asked for, if money would buy it.

Annis Prime was very beautiful, and she was, beside, a girl of considerable sense—too much, indeed, to be easily satisfied in her choice of a husband.

She had many suitors, but none of them suited her.

One day the merchant came home to his splendid mansion, looking like a ghost, he was so pale. His hair had grown several degrees whiter since he went away in the morning.

Going to his private room he locked the door and loaded his pistol.

"If I kill myself," he said, "Annis will be compelled to marry some of her rich admirers, because she will have no home without. I could never endure to live and see her suffer the miseries of a poverty which her rearing has so ill fitted her to bear."

Then he took the pistol in his hand, and looked at it calmly.

"Shall I blow out my brains, or shoot myself through the heart," he said.

"You will do neither, if you please, papa," said Annis herself, coming forward from behind the curtain of a window in which she had been sitting ever since he entered the room.

"Why do you wish to kill yourself?"

"Annis," said the merchant, sadly, "ever since your mother died I have only lived for you. All I cared to get wealth for was for you. But of late I have been unfortunate. I stand to-day on the verge of bankruptcy."

"Well, I am sure that is bad enough without your killing yourself," said Annis. "Do you imagine, oh foolish papa, that all the riches of the world could make up to me the loss of you?"

The merchant started and looked down as if ashamed. Then he opened his arms wide and his daughter flew into them.

"Promise me, this moment, papa," she said, "that you will never think of such a wicked thing again."

"My darling," answered the merchant, with emotion, "I never will! Now you must make me a promise. I can't see the idea of a month longer, possibly six weeks, I should not care, for myself, how soon the crash came, if I could see you provided for. Will you then choose yourself a husband from all those who are so anxious to marry you?"

Annis made a face. Then, seeing how anxious her father looked, she said:

"I'll honestly try, papa. But whoever I choose must know the truth about your affairs before I will marry him."

"Certainly," said her father; "but I am sure it will make no difference. You are too sweet and beautiful to be loved for anything but yourself."

Upon the following evening, when Annis received company, she made a careful look.

She was a black-eyed blonde, and she wore a pale green tissue of silk, looped with water lilies and sea grasses, and water lilies in her yellow, floating hair.

She looked a siren, but no siren was ever so kind to the house as she lavished at her feet.

One after another they came—the tall, the short, the fair, the dark. She looked in blue eyes, and she looked in black, but not a heart-beat quickened even when the handsomest man in the room bowed low before her, and murmured flattering words in honeyed tones.

All would not do. She felt a positive aversion to some of them, and having got into a foolish habit of having everything she wanted, because of her father's indulgence, she could not reconcile herself to the idea of marrying a man for whom she did not care as much as she did for her pet canary.

When the month was nearly up, during which the merchant, while he waited anxiously, said nothing, Annis spoke.

"Papa," she said, "you are worth a dozen of them. I had rather live in poverty with you than in affluence with one of them."

"You don't know what poverty is," said her father gloomily.

"But I have a curiosity to know," said the daughter bravely. "Be a good papa now, and don't tease me. I am sure you can save enough out of the wreck to furnish two rooms: and cook has been giving me lessons. Won't it be fun?"

The ruined merchant sighed, but he was not altogether displeased.

The girl had such a sweet and coaxing voice, and he looked at him so lovingly, and he was in the habit of giving her whatever she wanted. So the end of it was he let her do as she liked in this.

Godfrey Prime saved nothing from the wreck. He was an honest

man, and gave up everything to his creditors, even his daughter's many and costly ornaments—with her consent, too.

But even then all was not paid, and humble as was the home to which the pair betook themselves, the saddest thought that entered there was that a dollar remained unpaid against the name of Prime.

"It must be paid somehow," said Annis. "Oh, if there was anything great, anything grand, that I could do! It is a shame there is not, after all you have laid out on me, papa. Why, I am the worst investment you have made, I do believe. Help me think if there is no way in which I can earn money to make you even with the world again. I could not be an artist, for though you paid my drawing master such fabulous sums, I am sure that if I were to sketch you something you would be able to distinguish that it had four legs and a head and that would be all. I never could make any difference on paper between a horse's head and a dog's. I don't think I should succeed as an actress, and though I have a tolerable voice, I should be so frightened if I were to try and sing in public that I could not utter a note."

"Ah, my child," said the father, "if you had only married some one of those rich admirers of yours!"

Annis laughed.

"What is the use of saying that, papa? Not one of them has been near us since your failure. I always suspected their devotion was not to be trusted. But if one of them did come forward now and offer to pay these dreadful debts, I believe I should fall in love with him out of sheer gratitude. I would marry a clod to see your name clear of debt."

The father and daughter had come out for a short walk at evening, and neither of them noticed that, as Annis said these words, a gentleman who had been walking behind them, passed them slowly, with a lingering glance into the girl's beautiful face.

Some days passed, and then a very queer letter came to Annis Prime. It read:

"Dear Miss—i hav wacht you often when yu didnt no it. i hard when yu sed too yure father about marrion enny wun hoo kood pa hiz dets. i kan doo it an ef yule haw me, i will. ime a clod but ive got the munny. ware a wred roze in yure haw wen yu go out too wauk the next time, if yu akeap, an the jent what gives yu a bokay will be me."

Annis spelled out that strange epistle with some difficulty, for it was miserably written aside from the spelling. Then she showed it to her father and laughed till she cried.

"He spells, rose with a 'z' and red with a 'w'. But I think I shall akeap, papa, if you don't object, just for the sake of the 'bokay.' You'll be with me, you know."

Accordingly, the merry girl, when she went to walk that night, wore a red rose coquettishly below one ear, where its crimson and velvet beauty brought out the golden loveliness of her matchless hair ravishingly.

Her father was with her. They had not been walking long before they noticed approaching them the strangest specimen of humanity either had ever seen.

He was tall and awkward in his movements; his hair hung long and straight upon his shoulders. He wore a very broad-brimmed slouch hat of soft felt, a red necktie, a blue vest, a swallow-tail coat and plaid unmentionables, with patent-leather boots, narrow of toes and high of heels. In one hand he carried a bouquet, which he held at arm's length, as if it was something explosive.

"Here he really is, papa," said Annis, with a smothered laugh. "Now be sure you are civil to him."

She accepted the bouquet which the stranger proffered her, smilingly, and her father politely invited him to go home with them, which he did.

Annis noticed with some surprise, that her bouquet was made up in exquisite taste. But that she attributed to the florist, of whom the 'clod' had probably purchased it.

But what surprised her most was to find, when the evening was over, and the strange guest had departed, how much she had really enjoyed it. In spite of his oddities and awkwardness, the 'clod' had contrived to be interesting.

"He has fine eyes and good features, papa," she said, "and if he would cut his hair and dress with some regard to taste, he would please me better than any of those others whom you would have liked me to marry and whom I am sure would grieve you have instantly withdrawn their suits had they known the condition of your affairs. I wonder if he is really so rich as he says?"

"Have no anxiety about the money," said Godfrey Prime to his daughter, after a few days. "The fellow has come most unexpectedly into an immense fortune. He could pay my debts and set me up in business again, if he choose, without missing the money. And he stands

ready to do it, if you will marry him."

"I am ready," said Annis, gaily. "My heart warms to him already."

The marriage took place soon.

The merchant was reinstated in his business, and in a grander and more flourishing manner than before.

The splendid residence which he and his daughter had inhabited before his bankruptcy was repurchased and refurbished in a most magnificent manner.

Only one thing troubled Annis. Her 'clod' remained a 'clod' do what she would. All her efforts—though she had made him cut his hair and banish his rainbow suit—could not make him any different from what he was at first.

But he was devoted to her; and because of his riches everybody courted him. His very awkwardness became the fashion, and his most ungrammatical speeches were passed from tongue to tongue as profoundest wit.

Besides all this, he had a kind heart, so much genuine kindness of disposition, being always ready to succor the unfortunate, and he loved her so well that Annis could not help loving him in return.

"Dear Clod," she said to him one day, despairingly, when, in spite of all his instructions, he would flame out in a fancy necktie, and persisted in saying 'haint' for 'have not.'—

"Dear Clod, you are too stupid for belief; but somehow I can't help loving you, in spite of that."

The 'clod' smiled and kissed her. "I have been stupid," he said, "and you have been more patient than I deserved. But from this hour you shall see a change in me."

Annis laughed indulgently. She had resigned herself to see him always a 'clod.'

But, to her amazement, that evening, when her parlors were filled with the elite and fashionable of the city, her husband presented himself attired in exquisite taste, and so altered in every other respect that only the eyes of love could have traced in this elegant gentleman any of the characteristics of the 'clod.'

Everybody stared, and Annis, understanding that he had been playing a part, was grieved and offended.

"How could you, sir?" she asked him reproachfully. "I don't know how I can ever forgive you!"

Her husband laughed in her face roughly. "I'd do it again for the same reward; and if you don't forgive me I'll go back and be a clod the rest of my days."

The threat was sufficient.

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infant, for the deliberate purpose of making a mendicant of him as soon as he should be able to go out and beg."

To those who have been reared in a civilized land such monstrous crimes on the part of parents towards their own flesh and blood seem too revolting and too unnatural for belief. But those who want the evidence of their own senses to convince them of the truth of this horrible fact can find it by visiting the Asylum for the Blind in Philadelphia. In that institution there is a Chinese woman now about twenty years of age, whose father put her eyes out with a needle when she was a child, for the purpose of making a street beggar of her. A missionary in China who became acquainted with the facts obtained possession of the child and sent her with her history, to the Asylum, where she now is. The missionary was attracted to the little girl by her bright qualities, and he has since been rewarded for his kindness by seeing the young woman advanced to the position of a teacher in the institution where he secured her a home ten years ago. It is therefore more than probable that the little Italian boy's story, that his parents crippled him, is a true one. The Italian Consul is to send the boy back to Italy on the first vessel sailing for that country; but what kindness there is in returning a child to such brutal parents it is hard to understand.—Philadelphia Record.

Kindness to Animals.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Michigan writes the *Elmira Husbandman* concerning the treatment of fractious animals, embodying the following excellent ideas:

I propose to give your readers the benefit of a discovery that I made long ago, that is not patented, is free to all, costs nothing, save time, annoyance, irritation, rage, profanity; a weak and futile effort to subdue brute force, an intense perspiration mingled with extreme madness, and finally failure, mortification and surrender. It is a matter that I have tested thoroughly in practice, and I learned that animals that are treated unkindly are apt to be vicious or ugly. Treat them kindly always, young or old; let them know that you will not hurt them; and, more, teach them that you are their best friend. It is very easy, and also a very pleasant thing to do, and if you do it the chances are that your cows will be kind and gentle, your steers and oxen, and your colts and horses will be also. If it be found that animals cannot be made useful by kind treatment, it is best to get rid of them. Treated kindly from the start, they yield to it easily. Professor Miles, when going round with me to see sheep, said:

"What is the matter with your sheep? They do not run when they see you?"

I could only say, in reply that they knew me, and had come to regard me as their best friend. I should feel that something was wrong with me if my animals did not welcome me and appear pleased at my approach."

CONFEDERATE MONEY.—"H." the New York correspondent of *Hale's Weekly*, answers inquiries about the value of Confederate money as follows:

"I have seen it stated that Confederate money was in demand in London. Having been applied to by a gentleman in North Carolina to know what it is worth, I made inquiries and found a house here that gives ten cents for every hundred notes, without regard to their denomination, except the issues of 1861, engraved by the American Bank Note Company, which are worth more, according to their condition. There were few, comparatively, of this date issued. The price will scarcely induce any one to send them on for sale. It does not even induce me to look up the bundle of my own. The last time I saw them, five or six years ago, was to give a couple of Yankee lads each a specimen of the various denominations, as curiosities. I made better use of some Confederate bonds, twenty of which, of some particular date, I sold for five dollars each. The purchaser refused to buy a great many more of an untaxable issue, and far handsomer, which I offered at the same price. They are still on hand, awaiting a bid. I was a believer in Confederate bonds and notes, somewhat to my cost."

A World of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other drinks. It is more like the old-fashioned bone set tea that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right try Hop Bitters.—*Nunda News*.

Roots and "Yarbs."

BY PROF. ASA GRAY.

[The following extracts from a letter from Prof. Gray to the *Charlotte Observer*, will give some idea of a little known region, and a peculiar local industry.—Ed.]

As agriculture embraces all practical herbageous matters, I will call your attention to a branch of it—a small branch, you will say—which I have no idea of. It is the root and herb business as carried on in the mountain districts of Carolina. Our glorious botanical journey—which only wanted your companionship to make it perfect—took us to the headquarters of the business, and through the regions where most of the collecting is done, and we have had at times the company of the two men who control it—Hyams, of the firm of Wallace Brothers, of Statesville, and Cowles, of Gap Creek, whose father organized and developed the business in the first place. Being members of the herb-confraternity, we were received with enthusiasm, and shown all the operations. "Sang" L. C. Ginseng, the original foundation of the trade, has been collected ever since the earliest settlement of the country, and is by this time, pretty well rooted out from the more accessible districts; but 75 or 80 cents a pound. When I was first in these mountains, between 35 and 40 years ago, this, and *Angelica* root were the only things which were gathered for market. Now, the price-list, which you will find posted at almost every road-side store, enumerates over two hundred articles. Some of them are cultivated things, such as summer savory, southern-wind, peony-flowers, watermelon-seed, and leaves of the poppy and garden lettuce. But most are of wild herbs, or the bark or berries of trees, or in some cases blossoms. Elder flowers, for instance, are a prime article. The collecting is done by women and children—it could be done only by cheap labor—and the articles, when dried, are taken to the country stores, usually to the nearest county seat, and exchanged for "store goods," very little money passing. Almost every day we would meet women on horseback, with a bundle of the more bulky herbs on the off side, commonly wrapped in a sheet or blanket, and another on the pommel, and a basket in one hand. With the proceeds they buy most of the clothing that is not made at home (for happily the wheel and the loom hold their place in most every house), perhaps some sugar, and their small finery. But "tree-sugar" is made for home consumption, and serves for the coffee (tea is unknown, at one place, where our tea was pronounced "not bad to take," we were requested to tell them what they should call for if they ever got any at the store), and the best of home abundance. In these mountains milk and honey literally flow without price. At least we could never get the people to fix any.

From the country stores the roots and herbs pass to the larger dealers, and from these only would you get any idea of the magnitude of the business. You should see the herb-warehouses of Mr. Cowles at Gap Creek, in Ashe county, and the much larger one at Statesville, of the enterprising Wallace Brothers, under the charge of Prof. Hyams, three of whose sons are in the business at different points, and one of them in McDowell county, where he was the fortunate rediscoverer of the long-lost Sortia. Bales upon bales of roots and herbs, compacted by a powerful screw-press, accumulate in these warehouses, and pass on to northern cities and ports. What becomes of them? Some are standard articles of the materia medica, such as mandrake-root, from which *podophyllin* is made. One day, while we were present, an order came to sweep out of these establishments for ten tons of mandrake to go to France. The larger number of articles go into patent medicines. You may form some idea of the demand for just this purpose from two orders just received, one for an unlimited amount of liverleaf (*Hepaticum*), the other for two tons of maiden-hair (*Adiantum*). Consider what a quantity of these, in a dried state, would go to a ton!

And now, if I begin to tell you anything about azaleas and laurels, both rhododendrons and kalmia, there will be no end. We were just in the season for these in all their glory, having timed it accordingly. You may say there is no need to go to the mountains of North Carolina for these, but you will get new ideas if you do. Nowhere else can you see wooded hillsides of the richest green break out into flame with *azalea canadensis* and nowhere but in Roanoke can you see some miles of grassy mountain top all ruddy and rosy with *rhododendron catawbiense*. Now you can comfortably reach the top of Roan Mountain in 36 hours from New York, and be in the mountain air all the way after leaving Lynchburg, and on the mountain be most comfortably and cheaply housed

and fed, at the Cloudland Hotel, at an elevation a few hundred feet higher than the top of Mount Washington, and enjoy an air which is cool without bleakness, and views such as we have never elsewhere seen like these.

Indian News.

DENVER, November 18.—A Los Pinos dispatch of the 15th says: Ouray's power to day is trembling in the balance, and within a few days we shall witness the final success on his part in establishing his absolute authority over the tribe, or his virtual dethronement and ascendancy of the war faction. He has succeeded in exacting from the hostiles a promise to appear, but as to giving testimony and all further proceedings they decided for themselves. Sowerwaick testified, but he lied from the beginning to end. General Adams having put the question, "Was I ever in your house on the Grand River?" he answered, "No." Sowerwaick was then discharged and Adams made the following speech to Ouray: The last answer was not true. I did stop in Sowerwaick tent and there we had a council from 11 o'clock until six in the morning. Sowerwaick was present and with others was fully cognizant of what was being done, and to-day he comes here and says he does not know anything. For that reason I believe he has not spoken the truth, nor does he wish to speak the truth. I believe also that none of them wish to speak the truth, and therefore it is almost unnecessary to go any further. They have refused to mention the name of a single Indian, while they well knew the names of all of them. I now present the situation to you so that you can recommend some other course where by we may execute the laws of the government. The government wants us to ascertain who were engaged in the difficulties at White River; we want the names of the guilty parties, and if you think we cannot find out who they were we had better go home.

Ouray replied: I cannot force them to say what they do not wish. I brought them here that they might speak for themselves. He afterwards added: Show me any act of law by which a man may be compelled to convict himself.

Ouray afterwards acknowledged he was afraid of assassination.

Commissioner Raum, in reply to enquiries from Cincinnati, has returned the following decision, which will be of interest to rectifiers and distillers: The commissioner decides, first, that rectifiers may, before or after filling their packages, put on the marks and brands necessary to indicate the name and place of business of the rectifiers, and the particular name of the spirits known to the trade. If, upon gaging such spirits the gauger finds that the brands do not correspond with the facts, he will cause immediate correction. Second, that under section 3,287 of the Revised Statutes, as amended by act of March 1st, 1870, the particular name of the spirits as known to the trade to be put on the package of spirits filled at the distilleries, may be placed thereon in a legible way by use of a steel plate and durable paint, as well as by burning or stamping.

An amusing story comes to us from an adjoining county. A girl was about to give birth to an illegitimate child, but the man whom she intended to swear it to died before she could get a chance to swear it. Thereupon the young girl applied for advice to a young sprig of the law, who had recently settled in the county. After mature deliberation and a careful examination of the authorities, he advised her to swear it to the administrator of the deceased.—*Greensboro North State*.

At Washington Co., Superior Court, one Thomas Maitland colored, swore, a lie about 12 m. The Solicitor was instructed to draw a bill of perjury: the grand jury found it true, trial and conviction ensued, and by five p m the perjurer was sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. If this sort of thing could happen in every county this common crime would cease.

LARGE YIELD OF WHEAT.—The *Indianaop Journal* makes the following statement: "A short time ago Gen. John Gibbon, of St Paul, made the assertion that 100 bushels of wheat had been raised on an acre of ground in the territory of Montana. The statement having been received with incredulity, he wrote to the President of the First National Bank of Helena for proof. In reply he received the certificate of the President and Secretary of the Territorial Fair Association that one James L. Ray, of Lewis and Clark County, was rewarded first premium for the best acre of wheat, being 102 bushels to the acre. This is believed to be the largest yield of wheat on record."

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News Brevities.

—A fight on Mexican soil between two hundred Indians and fifty whites from New Mexico is reported. The whites are said to have lost thirty-two killed.

—Colonel John Hay, formerly private secretary of President Lincoln, has been appointed Assistant Secretary of State, to succeed Hon F. W. Seward, resigned.

—When the girl who has encouraged a young man about two years suddenly turns around and tells him that she can never be more than a sister to him he can for the first time see the freckles on her nose.

—Fifty-five ballots, skillfully altered with a pen, were cast at Rochester, N. Y. They were counted as changed "Allen O." instead of "Allen C." Beach, Democratic candidate for Secretary of State. An error of 100, in favor of Potter, was found in Genesee county, N. Y.

—An exchange says: The largest cotton crop gathered in Texas in one year, before the war, was 200,000 bales. The crop this year will reach one million bales, and the increase is due to white labor, as the immigration to that State since the war has not included any negroes. The total cotton crop of this year is estimated at five million bales, and it is claimed that more than half of it is the production of white labor.

—Religious papers, and all in the North, are united "solidly" in persistent misrepresentation and slander of the South. They know the power of iteration. It is the long-continued, oft-repeated dropping of water that wears away the stone. By repetition of a lie even good men will be induced to believe it. The South is held responsible for a murder or an outrage or a fair-fight in an open field, if the slayer is a Democrat and the slain a Republican.

—A disgraceful scene occurred at a funeral in Henrietta, N. Y., on last Wednesday. The widow of the deceased and his sons by a former wife differed concerning the arrangements of the funeral and the place of burial. Graves were dug at Bloomfield and at Mount Hope, in Rochester. The corpse was forcibly transferred from one coffin to another in the street, and the burial proceeded to Bloomfield without further difficulty. It will probably be necessary to guard the grave.

—At Sterling Valley, New York, on Thursday, a girl aged ten, daughter of one of the proprietors of the grist mill of that place, was playing about the mill, when her hair, which hung in long, luxuriant tresses down her back, was caught in an upright shaft revolving sixty times a minute. Her father heard her piercing screams and on looking around was horrified in beholding his girl lying on the floor, the entire scalp and one side of her face torn off. Surgeons replaced the scalp and dressed the wound, but recovery is doubtful.

—The *Memphis Appeal* declares that in two years that city has lost nearly eight millions of dollars and buried six thousand of her people. Filthy gutters, bad drainage and accumulated garbage, it claims, were the cause of it all. The *Appeal* now pleads for such method of purification by fire, drainage, fumigation, street-paving, and the most rigorous enforcement of the well ascertained laws of health as shall insure the city against a recurrence of the epidemic. Otherwise, Memphis is threatened with decay, if not extinction.

—The regulators in Elliott county, Kentucky, have served a notice on the Judge of the Circuit Court asking that he will not continue any of the cases that are on the docket on mere technicalities, but give them a speedy trial. They say: "We don't want to threaten this court, but we want thieves, robbers, house-burners, and men who slay their wives and are so handy with pistols, to distinctly understand that we mean business. If we have to call a special term of our court, we be unto you, for death is your portion, and remember the walnut." The organization now extends over four counties, and is said to number 3,000 citizens.

—And now the painful intelligence comes from Philadelphia, that Mrs. Potts, the walking widder Potts, the pedestrian, all of which sobriquets she captured in her celebrated walks from Philadelphia to New Orleans and back, is now walking a kitchen floor in short, Potts is a cook. Her "hosts of friends" in the South have been waiting with anxiety for the announcement that she had received that mint of money which she alleged was to be paid her on the accomplishment of the wonderful walking feat and instead of this comes the humiliating statement that she has had to resort to the kitchen for a livelihood. This, too, the fate of a native of North Carolina, and one who promised to again become a citizen, for did she not say she intended to purchase a farm near High Point and settle there?—*Charlotte Observer*.

The People's Press.

THANKSGIVING PSALM.

The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.

MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

At thy footstool, Great Jehovah,

See a nation lowly bend.

While a psalm of deep thanksgiving

From its grateful heart ascends.

Thou art Wisdom, Strength and Power,

Thy Thy Force alone creates

And Thy Spirit all pervading

Mother Nature animates.

From her mighty womb prolific

To thy offspring she gives birth,

And we thank Thee, Great Jehovah,

For the fullness of the earth.

Twas thy force that moved the water

And from darkness made the light,

Gathered up the floating atoms

And the dry land brought to sight.

From that force forever acting

All good things on earth do flow,

Mind and matter both pervading.

This, and only this we know.

Nature's changes science teaches.

Her creation is concealed;

Great Jehovah's hidden secrets

Unto man are not revealed.

But no less we praise and thank Thee,

Call it matter—call it force,

'Tis Thy Spirit all pervading

That of nature is the source.

Post Office Directory.

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Office hours, from 7 o'clock, A. M., to

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Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Dalton,

Pilot Mountain, Flat Shoals and Tom's

Creek. Closes every day except Sunday

at 6:30, A. M. Due every day except

Sunday at 3, P. M.

DANBURY, via Winston, Flat Branch,

Sedge Garden, Germantown and Walnut

Cove. Closes every day except Sunday

at 6:30, A. M. Due every day, except

Sunday by 3, P. M.

HUNTSVILLE, via Lewisville and

Panther Creek. Closes Monday, Wed-

nesday and Friday at 6:30, A. M. Due

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday by 10,

A. M.

RICHMOND HILL, via Mount Ta-

bor, Vienna, Red Plains and East Bend.

Closes Monday and Friday at 6:30 A. M.

Due Tuesday and Saturday by 2, P. M.

FRIDEBERG Mail closes every Tuesday

and Friday at 6:30, A. M. Due Wednesday

and Saturday by 8 A. M.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

LOCAL ITEMS.

CHEW Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE PRESS.

—Rowan Court this week.

—Judge Settle and family have re-

turned to Florida.

—Social hop at the Central on Friday

night last.

—John Teich left for Texas on Mon-

day's train.

—We have not seen our Davie County

mess-vender this year.

—So our Thanksgiving celestial fire-

works went off this year.

—Good white wheat brings \$1.30 to

\$1.35 per bushel, this week.

—John Vogler celebrated his 96th

birthday on Thursday, 20th inst.

—CHUFA—A bushel to dispose of.

Call at the Salem Bookstore.

Thanksgiving services to-day at 10

o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock, P. M.

—Rabbits, ready dressed for the cook,

are freely offered at three for a quarter.

—Rustless Oats.—Rustless Winter

Oats—inquire at the Salem Bookstore.

—331 days since the year commenced,

leaving only 34 till its close. Time flies.

—Dr. Bahson and family and Miss

Loula Fries left for Philadelphia on

Tuesday.

—Miss Addie Minning has recovered

her hat which the Leader reported was

stolen last week.

—FLORAL ADVERTISING CARDS

at the Bookstore. Printed at the most

reasonable rates.

—Mrs. Mary Hyer has purchased the

Spaugh house (Van Bover place), on

Salt street, and now occupies it.

—DICTIONARIES—Webster's Un-

abridged and National Pictorial Dictio-

naries at the Salem Bookstore.

—The members of the Reading Club

will please come, without fail, to their

rooms at the December meeting.

—The Gruber family failed to get an

audience in Winston last Thursday night,

on account of unfavorable weather.

—Since September one hundred and

fifty (150) cords of hickory wood have

been shipped from Hickory Camp.

—Geese and turkeys are not offered as

freely as usual. We hear of several fine

lots on the way for Christmas and New

Year.

—One of our compositors sets 20 sticks

of solid long primer, Pica, measure, in

4 hours; 9 errors, without "doublets" or

"outs."

—The Danbury mail-carrier informs us

that hog cholera is prevailing to a con-

siderable extent in Stokes, about Ger-

manton.

—Musical Entertainment at Salem

—Mrs. McIntyre, a lady residing near

Rio Janeiro, Brazil, was at the Salem

Hotel last week. She brought her

daughter to school at the Academy.

—Beautiful FLORAL and MOTTO

PANEL PICTURES, suitable for fram-

ing for Wall or Mantel. Also FANCY

BOOK MARKS, for sale at the Salem

Bookstore.

—On Monday night an attempt was

made to enter Rev. Mr. Wurreschke's

residence on Church street. A little

shooting would be healthy now. Thieves

hate the smell of powder.

—Persons who deface or pull down

advertisements (posters) put up at public

places, should bear in mind that they

lay themselves liable to a fine of ten

dollars. So say the town ordinances.

—AUTOGRAPHS.—A beautiful va-

riety of Autograph Albums at \$1, 10, 15,

40, 60 and 75 cents, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

These books are the handsomest we have

ever offered at the Salem Bookstore.

—Dr. Shaffner is making a road to his

ice-pond near the mill-race, back of the

colored people's church. The water has

been turned on, and this beautiful and

convenient skating-rink will soon be

ready for its icy covering.

—Ensign Sam'l C. Lemly handed us

a primer, in the Dikele (African) lan-

guage. Also the Gospel of Matthew in

the same language, printed at Gaboon,

West Africa. It is a curiosity and will

be placed in the Museum.

—A fine new assortment of Imperial

CARTE VISITE, in plain and fancy

boxes, with Envelopes to match, at the

Bookstore. They are suitable for in-

vestigations and can be handsomely printed

at reasonable rates at the Salem Printing

Office.

—The Road Supervisors have been

improving the Salisbury and Lexington

roads very much within six or seven

miles from town. What is called the

"Baily road" is not near as rough as

formerly, and those large rocks in the

Salisbury road between the "Todd

place" and Spauld's Store, have been

removed by blasting.

—H. C. Thomas, Esq., went out on a

gunning expedition on Saturday last, in

the "Flat Rock" neighborhood, some 3

miles from this place, and succeeded in

bagging two wild turkeys, twelve par-

tridges, and two wild pigeons. We hear

of wild turkeys in the woodlands around

town, within a few miles.

—The Chapter of Orphans from the

Asylum at Oxford gave a very creditable

entertainment in the Moravian Church

on Tuesday evening last. The

singing was fair and showed careful

training. The Calisthenic exercises

were prompt, graceful and pleasing.

Mr. Leach gave a plain and sensible

review of the orphan work.

—Thermometer down to 13° last Sat-

urday. Ice 1 1/2 inch thick on the shallow

ponds. Lively times for the boys, who

were out in full force all day Saturday.

We know of several large boys who were

sorely disappointed that the ice would

not bear on Sunday. Last week we no-

ticed the feat of umbrella sailing and this

week we chronicle sailing on ice.

—Judge Ould left for Asheville on

Monday, and will leave there for Florida

in a few days. The Judge has a com-

plete fishing and hunting outfit, and ex-

pects to take a pack of good dogs from

Asheville. R. C. Pearson, will meet

the Judge at Asheville, and they will go

to Florida in company. We wish them

a pleasant and profitable winter.

—Elder Wm. Turner kindly fur-

nishes us with the following: On the

22d inst., Mr. Anderson Williams, in

the neighborhood of Tyro, Davidson

county, had his arm so badly saved in

a cotton gin, that he bled to death be-

fore a physician could be procured.

Another person, in Rowan county, met

his death by a similar accident, on Fri-

day last.

—Internal Revenue Collections for

the week ending Saturday, November

22d, 1877:

Monday.....\$ 987 80

Tuesday.....3,328 50

Wednesday.....2,977 72

Thursday.....2,216 68

Friday.....2,104 46

Saturday.....1,873 20

Total.....\$13,183 36

—Parties are out daily, prospecting

for nice patches of light, bright and beau-

tiful moss, ferns and evergreens for the

holidays. Many a pine and cedar are

marked for the gladness Christmas tree,

around which cluster the pleasant mem-

ories of childhood. The moss should be

secured as early as possible, as the sea-

son is treacherous, and fine weather to-

day may be followed by frost, ice and

snow in a short time.

—Edward Green was arrested in Win-

ston by Policemen Wooters and Deputy

Sheriff Bahson, on last Friday morning,

on a charge of having stolen various ar-

ticles out of a hardware store in Wil-

lington recently. Some of the stolen

goods were found on his person and

others in his room, consisting of two pis-

tols, six pocket-knives, &c. He confessed

having disposed of some of the arti-

cles in Wilmington. He is in limbo

and will be sent to Wilmington shortly.

—Roll of honor of the Public Colored

School, Salem, N. C., for the week en-

ding November 21st, 1879:

L. T. Reed's School—Sultana Boner,

Blasting rock on the new road from

Dr. Shaffner's ice-pond in rear of the

African church, made things lively for

while on Tuesday. A stone passed

over the Doctor's head, nearly touching

his hat, and causing him to dodge

some. In the evening Tom Hegge pass-

ed within a few feet of the rock, when

suddenly a blast went off, covering him

with dirt. Strange to say, he was not

injured in the least. The fuse had been

lit and the men had gone round the

hill out of sight. Tom came by

and seeing no one, supposed the men

had gone home, hence his proximity.

—Waghtown has some fine pork.

F. A. Tucker's hogs weighed 315, 293

and 300 pounds.

John Rights, 238 and 228.

Frank Speas, (col.) 228.

Salem Pork.—The Boss of the Mill Wa-

gon killed two fine porkers, weighing

274 and 244.

H. W. Shore, our Postmaster, killed

three, weighing 392, 308 and 330.

Three of Alexander Ackerman's hogs

weighed 997 pounds, averaging 332 1/2.

Jacob Blickenderfer caught 512

pounds from two hogs.

George Hegge slaughtered two hogs,

one weighing 370 and the other 288

pounds.

J. G. Sides' two hogs weighed 304

and 260 pounds.

We would like to publish all the

heavier weights of pork from town and

country if furnished us in time.</

POETRY.

"ONLY ME."

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. MASON.

A little figure glided through the hall;
"Is that you, Pa?" the words came tenderly.
A sob-suppressed to let the answer fall—
"It isn't Pa; mamma: it's only me."
The quivering baby lips they had not meant
To utter any word that could plant a sting.
But to that mother-heart a strange pang
Went:
She heard, and stood like a convicted thing!
One instant, and a happy little face
Thrilled "neath unwonted kisses rained above."
And, from that instant, "Only Me" had
Place
And part with "Pa" in tender mother-love.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Purple, and yellow, and scarlet,
The trees in their autumn array,
Are lighting the fields and woodlands
With their coloring rich and gay.

Standing in sunlight and shadow,
Bright beacons of beauty and cheer;
But telling, leaf by leaf,
The pulse of the dying year.

Purple, and yellow, and scarlet,
They are fluttering daily down,
And decking the grave of summer
With a gold and jeweled crown.

When the autumn of life approaches,
As at last it must to us all,
Oh, then may we have the beauty
The glorious tints of the fall!

The purple of resignation,
The yellow of hope and of cheer,
And the rich, autumnal scarlet,
Of the love that "casteth out fear."

HUMOROUS.

Fighting the Devil with Fire.

If there is one thing more than another which annoys a good wife, who is nervously sensitive to all that is gross and ill-timed, it is the habit some husbands have of using profane language in their homes. In many cases this is mere thoughtlessness on the part of the good man, who never gives a thought to the finer sensibilities of his better half, and even should she mildly remonstrate, he pays no attention to the rebuke.

We have just had a case in point, which happened in one of the thriving Missouri cities on the banks of the Mississippi, which the ladies of the country ought to know something about.

A lady, whose husband was addicted to the bad practice, we have alluded to, came to her family physician, laid her grievances before him, and said:

"Now Dr. N., won't you remonstrate with him, and try to break him of his habits? I know he will listen to you."

"Why, madam," said the doctor, "he would pay no attention to anything I could say to him; but as you have come to me, although somewhat out of my line, I will recommend a prescription, to be administered by you, that will certainly cure him. It is an infallible remedy."

"Oh! what is it, Doctor?"

"Well, when John comes home again and swears, do you swear back at him. Of course I don't want you to take the name of the Lord in vain, but I—things a little for his benefit."

And she did.

The next day John came in and inquired whether dinner was ready, and was told that it was not.

"Well, why in the devil isn't it?" said he.

"Because," she coolly replied, "the wood was so d—d wet that the fire wouldn't burn."

"Why, Mary, what is the matter with you? Are you crazy or have you been drinking?"

"Neither," she said, and quietly proceeded to put on dinner.

The beef didn't melt like butter between the teeth—it rather resisted all efforts at mastication, like so much India rubber; and finally John blurted out:

"What makes this d—n beef so infernal tough?"

Mary looked up archly and replied:

"Well, John, I suppose you went down to the butcher's and without knowing the difference, picked out a piece of some d—d old stag that hadn't been fed for a month."

John jumped up, looked at his wife in dismay, and wanted to know what such language from her lips meant.

"It means just this, John, you are the head of the family, and just as long as you think it manly to swear in my presence I intend to do the same in yours. If you don't like to hear it, you know how to prevent it."

The cure was radical, and to this date Mary has never been compelled to administer another dose of Dr. N.'s prescription.

A gentleman once said to his pastor, "How can I best train up my boy in the way he should go?" "By going that way yourself," wisely replied the minister. This reminds us of a story told by Dr. Thompson. He had climbed nearly to the top of a steep mountain, lifting his feet carefully over the projecting rocks when faintly from below he heard a silvery voice call out: "Take the safe path, father; I am coming after you." His heart stood still as he realized the danger of his precarious boy. If fathers would only remember that the boys are indeed coming after them how differently they would walk.

AGRICULTURAL.

Exportation of Live Stock.

General Nimmo, the Chief of the National Bureau of Statistics, reports that the value of the exports of live animals of all kinds increased from \$5,844,603 during the year ended June 30, 1878, to \$11,487,754 during the year ended June 30, 1879. Of the total exportation of live animals during the last fiscal year, 71 per cent. were sent to Great Britain. The value of the exports of cattle increased from \$3,880,818 during the year ended June 30, 1878, to \$8,379,200 during the year ended June 30, 1879. Of the total exports of cattle during the last fiscal year, 79 per cent. were shipped to Great Britain. It is believed that the improvements which have been made and are still in progress for effecting the speedy transportation of cattle, and for securing their comfort and health both on railroad cars and on shipboard, will result in a large and constant increase of exports. Under the present facilities for direct shipments on through bills of lading from the Northwestern States to Europe, the persons placed in charge of the cattle at the interior point of shipment in many instances accompany them throughout the entire journey to Liverpool, thus securing greater efficiency in the care of the animals.

BROOM-CORN SEED.—An exchange

states that the seed of broom-corn, which has hitherto been considered useless except for planting, and an inferior article of food for cattle, has been discovered to be valuable as a breadstuff. It was first used as a substitute for wheat in 1870 and 1871, but like many other good things, was lost sight of, and its manufacture was never carried to success, and never became even particularly known until about three years ago. The yield of flour is about one-half in place of two-thirds from wheat. The bran is also as valuable as wheat bran as a food for animals. The flour cannot be told from wheat flour, and the bread, cake, etc., is delicate, inviting and delicious, and easily digested. The yield of broom-corn seed is also enormous, a single spear of often producing a pint of seed, and the yield has reached on good land five hundred bushels to the acre, while it is safe to estimate the average at one hundred bushels.

EXPERIMENT IN WHEAT CULTURE.

Dr. Page, Professor of practical agriculture in the University of Virginia, gives the following in his report:

Top-dressing in Spring with nitrate of soda alone, was very common in England many years ago, but was discontinued for some time, in consequence of its tendency to make the wheat "fall," and to produce mildew. It appears now that these two serious faults have been corrected by mixing with the nitrate a moderate amount of sea salt, which prevents the mildew and strengthens the straw. In Norfolk, England, the practice of top-dressing the wheat in Spring is almost universal, with the best farmers, at the rate of 100 pounds nitrate soda mixed with 200 pounds of salt, applied in two dressings at intervals of three weeks or a month, beginning early in March, and ending about the 20th of April. Mr. Pacey's experiments with this mixture, used as above stated, show an increase of eight and three-eighths bushels of wheat more than produced on land otherwise similarly treated, but not top-dressed with the mixture.

Some farmers whose land is exposed to sweeping winds have tried the sowing of one bushel of oats with their winter grain, as a protection to that against the excessive cold and exposure. The oats grow up much more rapidly than the wheat, and help to shade and protect it. When killing frosts occur, the oats perish, but in falling still cover the wheat with their mantle of straw, and the protection remains through the winter, sheltering the wheat-roots. The little that is drawn from the soil by the oats is returned to it by their decay, and the benefit to wheat is apparent when growth begins in the spring.

A miller says in the Independent Farmer, that if wheat is ground in a cold day, the bread will soon become hard and dry, and if ground in hot weather the bread will go to the other extreme. He says that October is a good month to grind in, and if properly done and the flour kept in a cool, dry place, it will keep sweet for a year.

Roots and potatoes will heat and "sweat," and if not well ventilated, or if the pits are not uncovered, they will decay. This should be carefully looked to, and the pits must not be completely closed until all danger from heating is over. Roots yet undug should be secured at once.

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COMPLETE MANURE FOR TOBACCO AND WHEAT.

Is the cheapest Fertilizer, according to grade, on the market, and has given almost universal satisfaction. Standard guaranteed. We refer to 1,000 farmers, in this and adjoining counties, who have been and are using it. We also keep fresh ground Plaster and No. 1 Peruvian Guano. Our wheat manure has given better results and more general satisfaction than any Fertilizer ever sold.

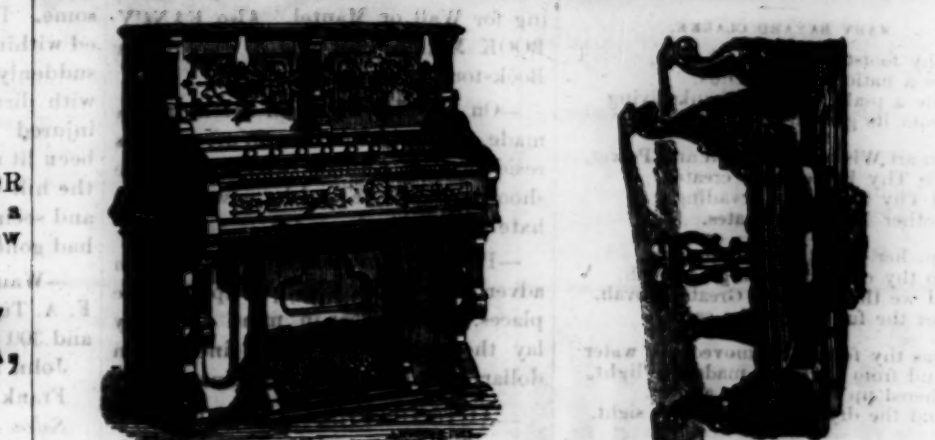
All our Seeds are First-Class and there is no better time to sow than in the Fall.

Dried Fruits and all Country Produce taken in exchange for Merchandise.

We invite all to come and examine our Stock and Prices before purchasing. Our salesmen are experienced, attentive and polite.

August 28, 1879. **HINSHAW BROTHERS,**

ORGANS! PIANOS! MUSIC! AND GENERAL MUSICAL MERCHANDISE!



The people of Forsyth and surrounding Counties are invited to the

MUSIC STORE, MAIN ST., WINSTON,

to examine the stock of

FIRST-CLASS ORGANS and PIANOS.

W. P. ORMSBY is in direct connection with the leading manufacturers, and he calls the attention of all parties needing instruments, to the fact that he is established here in their own section, and as he intends making good every warrant he gives with the instruments he sells, they will find it much safer to deal with him than with the dealers advertising from remote parts of the country.

This being a BRANCH HOUSE of the celebrated music publishers, **DITSON & CO.**, of New York, customers can select from the newest and best music of the day. All orders filled, mail free, at publishers' rates.

Pianos and Organs repaired and tuned and Old Instruments taken in exchange.

Medical Men, Mechanics and Operators all recommend the famous

Domestic Sewing Machine,

for the following reasons:

It is the Lightest running.
It is the most noiseless.
It is the simplest and best made machine.
Its tension is elastic, so it breaks no thread.
It carries a larger bobbin and more thread than any other machine.
It winds the bobbin without running the machine, or throwing off the driving band.
It is made with Concentric motions and will not wear out.

The DOMESTIC has gone far ahead of all other machines in all the cities of the United States, and has never before been offered in competition with cheap machines.

For terms, for CASH or INSTALLMENT, call at the Company's

BRANCH OFFICE,

in the MUSIC STORE, Winston, opposite the Merchants Hotel, where Old Machines taken in Exchange.

W. P. ORMSBY, Agent.

WINSTON, N. C.

November 13, 1879. (No. 46, 6mo.)

Nissen Wagon Manufacturing Co

Wagons, Carts, Wheelbarrows, &c.

Post Office

SALEM, N. C.

WORKS AT

Wagtown, N. C.

WE are better prepared for making wagons than ever before, having a much larger and better stock of thoroughly air-seasoned lumber, and the best wagon mechanics to be procured.

We employ no apprentices, and always endeavor to make our wagons the best and most durable.

OUR WORK OUR BEST ADVERTISEMENT

AND GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

All who use wagons must not forget that first-class work cost more and is worth more than cheap work.

We also keep a large stock of **BUILDING LUMBER and LONG LEAF SHINGLES**, at lowest prices.

Wagtown, Forsyth County, N. C., Feb. 27, 1878—noons.

JOHN GATLING, President.

W. H. CROW, Vice-President.

W. S. PRIMROSE, Secretary and Treasurer.

P. COWPER, Adjuster and Supervisor.

NORTH CAROLINA

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,

RALEIGH, N. C.